

CITT
AND
BUMPKIN!
IN A
DIALOGUE
Over a Pot of Ale,
Concerning Matters of
RELIGION
AND
GOVERNMENT.

The Third Edition.

By R. L.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Brome* at the Gun in *S. Pauls*
Church-yard, 1680.



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The Booksellers Advertisement,
Feb. 27. 1679.

VV Hereas there are several Discourses and Pamphlets abroad in the World, that passe for the Writings of Mr. Roger L'Estrange; wherein he never had any hand at all; This is to Advertise the Reader, that since Sept. 1678. he hath Publish'd these following Pieces, and no other.

The Reformed Catholique.

The History of the Plot.

The Free-born Subject.

The Case Put.

An Answer to the Appeal.

Twenty Select Calloquies of Erasmus, in English.

The Parallel, or, The Growth of Knavery.

A Seasonable Memoriall.

A Dialogue.

A Further Discovery of the Plot, with a Letter to Dr. Titus Oates.

Tully's Offices, in English.

H. B.

CITT and BUMKIN,

In a DIALOGUE, &c.

Hear: *Joseph*

Citt. **S**O that you would know, *First*, how we manag'd the *Petition*; and *Secondly*, how it came to miscarry.

Bum. *Those are the two Points*, Citt, but first take off your Pot, and then tell your Story: you shall have mine afterward.

Citt. There was no way, you must know, to carry the business clear, without getting a *Vote of Common-Council* for the *Petition*; and so making it an Act of the City: And in order to this End, we planted our *Committees* every where up and down, from *Algate to Temple-barr*, at convenient distances; some few of them in *Taverns* but most at *Coffee-houses*; as less liable to suspicion. Now we did not call these *Meetings Committees*, but *Clubs*; and there we had all Freedom both for *Privacy* and *Debate*: while the *Borough of Southwark, Westminster*, and the *Suburbs*, proceeded according to our Method.

Bum. *And what are these Committees now to do?*

Citt. Their *Commission* was to procure *Subscriptions*, to justify Their Powers the Right of *Petitioning*, and to gain *Intelligence*: And then every *Committee* had one man at least in it that wrote *short-hand*. and Instructions.

Bum. *Well, and what was he to do?*

Citt. It was his part to go smoaking up and down from One Company to another, to see who was for us, and who against us: and to take Notes of what people said of the *Plot*, or of the *Kings Witnesses*, or against this way of *Petitioning*.

Bum. *But how came those Committees (as ye call 'em) by their Commissions?*

Citt. For that, let me tell you, we had two *Grand Committees*, Two Grand that adjourn'd from place to place, as they saw occasion: But they met most commonly at *Two Coffee-houses*; the One near *Guild-Hall*, the Other in the *Strand*; for you must take notice that we went on, hand in hand with our *Neighbours* in the *Main Design*.

A 2

Bum.

Bum. But you do not tell me yet who set up the Other Committees.

The Office of
the Grand
Committees.

Citt. These two *Grand Committees*, I tell you, nominated and appointed the *Sub-Committees*, gave them their *Orders*, and received their *Reports*: It was their Office moreover to digest *Discoveries* and *Informations*; to instruct *Articles*, improve *Accusations*, manage *Controversies*, defray the charge of *Intelligencers*, and *Gatherers of hands*, to dispose of *Collections*; to influence the *Anglicus's* and *Domesticks*, and fortify those that were weak in the Faith; to furnish matter sometimes for *Narratives*.—

Bum. What dost thou mean by *Narratives*, Citt?

Citt. They are only *Strange Storys*; as that of the *Dragon in Essex*; *Earth-quakes*, *Sights in the Air*, *Prodigies*, and the like.

Bum. One would think it should not be worth their while, to busy their heads about such *Fooleries as these*.

Stories of
Prodigies
startle the
Common
Peop^e.

Citt. Now this is thy simplicity *Bumpkin*, for there is not any thing that moves the hearts of the People so effectually toward the *Work of the Lord*, especially when the *Narrative* carries some *Historical Remarque* in the Tayl of it: As for the purpose, *this or that happen'd in such a Kings Reign, and soon after such and such troubles besell the Church and State: such a Civil War, such or such a Persecution, or Invasion follow'd upon it*. When the people perceive once that the Lord hath declared himself against the Nation, in these tokens of his *Displeasure*, the Multitude seldom fail of helping the Judgment forward.

Bum. I don't know what ye call your Committees, but our Gentry had their Meetings too; and there was a great Lord or two among 'um that shall be Nameless.

Citt. We could shew you other gates *Lords* among 'Us, I'll assure you, then any you have; but let that passe.

Bum. You told me that your Committees were to procure Subscriptions: we were hard put to't, I'm sure, in the Country to get Hands.

The way of
getting hands
in, and about
London.

Citt. And so were we in the City *Bumpkin*; and if it had not been to advance the *Protestant Interest*, I'de have been torn to pieces by wild *Horsès*, before I'de have done what I did, But extraordinary Cases must have extraordinary allowances. There was hardly a *Register* about the Town that escap'd us for *Names: Bedlam, Bridewell, all the Parish-books, nay the very Goals and*

Hospitals,

Hospitals; we had our Agents at all Publick Meetings, Court, Church, Change, all the Schools up and down; Masters underwrit for their Children, and Servants, Women for their Husbands in the West-Indies, nay we prevail'd upon some Parsons, to engage for their whole Congregations; we took in Jack Straw, Wat Tyler, and the whole Legend of Poor Robins Saints into our List of Petitioners; and the same Names serv'd us in four or five several places. And where's the hurt of all this now? So long as the Cause it self is Righteous.

Bum. Nay, the thing was well enough Citt, if we could but have gone through with it: And you shall see now that we were put to our shifts in the Country, as well as you in the City, I was employ'd you must know, to get Names at four shillings a Hundred, and I had all my Real Subscriptions written at such a distance, one from another, that I could easily clap in a Name or two betwixt 'um; and then I got as many School-boys as I could, to underwrite after the same manner, and after this, I fill'd up all those spaces with Names that I either Remember'd, or Invented my self, or could get out of two or three Christning-books. There are a World (ye know) of Smiths, Browns, Clarks, Walkers, Woods, so that I furnish'd my Catalogue with a matter of Fifty a piece of these Sir-names, which I Christen'd my self. And besides we had all the Non-conformist Ministers in the Country for us, and they brought in a power of hands.

Citt. What do you talk of your Non-conformists? They do but work Journey-Work to Ours. We have the Heads of all the Protestant Dissenters in the Nation here in this Town, why, we have more Religions, Bumkin, in this City, then you have People in your whole Country.

Bum. Ay, and 'tis a great blessing too, that when Professors are at so mighty Variance among themselves, there should be so wonderful an Agreement in the Common Cause.

Citt. And that's notably observ'd, Bumkin; for so we found it here. The Presbyterian got hands of His Party; the Independent of His; the Baptist of His; the Fifth-Monarchy man of His, and so throughout all our Divisions: and we had still the most zealous man in His way, to gather the Subscriptions: And when they had completed their Roll, they discharg'd themselves as Naturally into the Grand Committee, as Rivers into the Sea. And then we were sure of all the Republicans.

Bum. But after all this Care and Industry, how was it possible for the business to miscarry?

Citt.

Citt. Why I know 'tis laid in our dish, that when we had set the whole Kingdome agogg upon *Petitioning*, our hearts would not serve us to go through stich, and so we drew our own necks out of the Collar, and left the Countreies in the Lurch.

Bum. *Nay that's the Truth on't, Citt; We stood all gaping for London to lead the way.*

Citt. The great work that we look't upon was the gaining of a well-affected *Common Councill*; which we secur'd upon the *Electiō*, with all the skill, and watchfullness imaginable.

Bum. *And that was a huge point Citt; but how were ye able to compass it?*

Tricks to de-
fect Elections.

Citt. Why we had no more to do, then to mark those that we knew were not for our turns, either as *Courtiers*, or *Loose-livers*, or *half-Protestants*, and their business was done.

Bum. *We went the same way to work too in the Country, at all our Elections; for it is a Lawfull Policy, you know, to lessen the Reputation of an Enemy.*

Citt. *Nay we went further still; and set a Report a foot upon the Exchange, and all the Coffee-houses and Publique Houses thereabouts, which held from Change-time, till the very Rising of the Common-Councill, when the Petition was laid aside; that past so currant, that no mortall doubted the Truth on't.*

Bum. *But you ha' not told me what that Report was yet.*

Citt. It was this, that the King had sent a *Message* to the City to let them understand that he took notice how much they stood affected to the Petition; that he expected they would proceed upon it; and that his Majesty was ready to give them a gracious Answer.

Bum. *But was this fair dealing Brother?*

Citt. Did not Abraham say of Sarah, *She's my Sister?*

Bum. *Well thou'rt a heavenly man Citt! but come to the Miscarriage it self.*

The Petition
laid aside in
the Common-
Council.

Citt. After as Hopefull a Choice as ever was made, we procur'd a *Common-Councill*: where the Petition was put to the *Vote*, and it was carry'd in the *Commons* by two *Voices*, for the presenting it, and by *Fourteen*, or *Fifteen Votes* in the *Court of Aldermen*, on the *Negative*.

Bum. *So that your Damn'd Aldermen, and our Damn'd Justices, have ruin'd us both in City and Country.*

Citt. Hang 'um, they are most of them *Church-Papists*; but we should have dealt well enough with them, if it had not been for that

that confounded *Act* for *Regulating Corporations*.

Bum. Prethee let me understand that, for I know nothing on't.

Citt. Take notice then that the Devillish Statute has provided, that no man shall serve as a Common-Council man, ^{The Act for} upon condition of taking three Oaths, and Subscribing one Declaration ^{Corporations} on, therein mention'd; and having taken the Sacrament of the Lords ^{brake the neck} Supper, according to the Rites of the Church of England, ^{on't.} within one year next before his Election. Now it so fell out, that what with this *Act*, and a Court-Letter for putting it in Execution, a matter of thirty of our Friends were put by, as not duly qualify'd; And upon this Pinch we lost it. Nay let me tell ye as a friend, there were at least twenty or thirty of the rest too, that would hardly have past Muster.

Bum. But is this certain?

Citt. Why I am now in my Element, Bumkin; for thou know'st my Education has been toward the Law.

Bum. This was a Plaguy jobb, Citt, but we must look better to our Hits next bout.

Citt. Nay my life for thine we'll have another touch for't yet. But tell me in short; how came you off with your Petition in the Country?

Bum. It went on for a good while prettily well at the Quarter-Sessions; till at last one Cross-grain'd Curr there upon the Bench claw'd us all away to the Devil, and got an Order of Court against it, while you would say what's this.

Citt. But what did he say?

Bum. Oh there was a great deal of stuff on't; the King, and the Judges (he said) had declared it to be Seditious, and so they were to take it. That they sat there to keep the Kings Peace, not to countenance the Breaking of it; and then (says he) these fellows don't know what they would have. One Petitions for Chalk, and Another for Cheese; the Petition was at first for the meeting of the Parliament; and then they came to Twist the King with his Coronation-Oath, and then, Delinquents must be brought to Punishment; and then the Parliament was to Sit as long as they pleas'd; and at last, every man must be mark'd for a Common Enemy that would not Subscribe in. So that first they would have the Parliament Sit; and then they'd cut 'um out their work; and in fine, it was little other than a Petition against those that would not Petition. He said there were ill practices in the getting of hands; and so they threw on
the

the Petition, and order'd an Enquiry into the Abuses.

Citt. Well, there's no Remedy but Patience.

Bum. *I had need of Patience I'm sure, for they're Examining the Hands already, as hard as they can drive; You'l see me in the Gazzette next Thursday, as sure as a Gun.*

Citt. Why then we must play the *Domeſtique* against him, next Fryday.

Bum. *Nay, I'm sure to be trounc'd for't to some tune, if I be taken.*

Citt. Prethee what art affraid of? There's no *Treason* in getting hands to a *Petition* man.

Bum. *No, that's true, but I have put in such a Lurry of Dog-Rogues; they cry they're defam'd, with a Pox, they'le heve their remedy; and they make such a Bawling.*

Citt. Come, come, set thy heart at rest, and know that in *this* City th'art in the very Sanctuary of the *Well-affected*. But 'tis good however to prepare for the *worst*, and the *best* (as they say) will help its self. But art thou really afraid of being taken?

Bum. *And so would you be too, if you were in my condition, without a penny, or a friend in the world to help ye.*

The blessing
of having nei-
ther friends
nor money.

Citt. Thou art two great Owls, *Bumkin*, in a very few words. *First*, thou hast great friends and do'st not know on't, and *Secondly*, thou do'st not understand the *Blessing*, of having neither *Friends*, nor *Money*. In one word, I'll see thee provided for; and in the mean time, give me thy answer to a few questions.

I make no doubt but they that put thee into this *Trust*, and *Employment* of helping on the *Petition*, are men of *Estate*, and men well-inclin'd to the *Publique Cause*.

Methods of
Popularity.

Bum. *O, their Landlords and Masters are men of huge Estates: but 'tis the Tenants, and the Stewards that I have to do withall. But then (do you mark me) those people are all in all with their Masters.*

Citt. I suppose you may be known to the *Landlords* and *Masters* themselves too. Do they ever take any notice of you?

Bum. *Yes, yes; I go often to their Houses man, and they speak mighty kindly to me; and there's nothing but Honest Obadiah, and Good Obadiah at every turn; and then the Men take me into the Kitchen, or into the Cellar, or so. And let me tell you Citt, if it had not been for them once, I had been plaguily paid off in the Spiritual Court upon a certain Occasion.*

Citt. That's a very good sign of *Affection* to the *Cause*, as I told thee: and it would be never the worse if they were under a cloud

Cloud at Court; for an *Honest Revenge*, ye know goes a great way with a tender Conscience.

Bum. I have heard some *Inkling* that way, but we'll scatter no words.

Citt. They never speak any thing to you in Private, do they? As of *Grievances*, (I mean) *Religion*, the *Liberty* of the Subject, and such like?

Bum. No, no, but they talk as other people do, of the Plot, and the Jesuits, and Popery, and the French King, and so.

Citt. And what is the reason now, do ye think, that you are not receiv'd into their *Bed-Chambers*, their *Closets*, into their *Arms*, and into their very *Hearts*, as well as some other people as we know?

Bum. *Alas!* what should they do with me? I'm not a man fit to keep them Company.

Citt. Why then *Honest Bumpkin*, here's a Golden Sentence for thee; *Be Taken*, *Sifted*, *Imprison'd*, *Pillory'd*, and stand true to A Golden thy *Principles*, and th'art company for the best Lord in *Christen-Sentence*. *dom*. They'll never dare to trust thee till th'art *Jayl* and *Pillory-proof*; and the bringing of thee into a *Jayl* would be a greater kindness, then the fetching of *Another man Out*.

Bum. *Prethee* Citt, tell me one thing by the way, hast thou ever made *Tryall* of this *Experiment* thy self?

Citt. To tell thee as a friend, I have try'd it, and I'm the best part of a thousand pound the better for't. 'Tis certainly the high way to preferment. A Jayl is the High-way to Preferment.

Bum. And yet for all this Citt, I have no minde in the World to be taken.

Citt. And that's because th'art an arrant buzzard; the Lord deliver me from a fellow that has neither *Money*, nor *Friends*, and yet's afraid of being *Taken*. Why 'tis the very making of many a mans *Fortune* to be *Taken*. How many men are there that give money to be *Taken*, and make a *Trade* on't; *Nay* happy is the man that can but get any body to *Take* him. Why I tell ye, there are people that will *quarrel* for't, and make *Friends* to be *Taken*. 'Tis a common thing in *Paris*, for a man in *One six Months*, to start out of a *Friendless*, and *Moneyless* condition, into an Equipage of *Lacquays* and *Coaches*; and all this by nicking the blessed Opportunities of being *discreetly Taken*.

Bum. I have heard indeed of a man that set fire to one Old House,

and got as much Money by a Brief for't, as built him two New ones.

Citt. Have not I my self heard it cast in a fellows Teeth, I was the making of you Sirrah, though y^e are so high now a body must not speak to you: You had never been Taken and clapt up, Sirrah, but for me.

Bum. Father! what Simpletons we Country-folks are to you Citizens!

Citt. Now put the case Bumpkin, that you were Taken, Examined and Committed, provided you stand to your Tackle, y^e are a Made man already; but if you shrink in the wetting, y^e are lost.

Bum. Pray^e what do you mean by standing to my Tackle?

Citt. You must be sure to keep your self upon a Guard, when y^e are before the Justice; and not to be either wheedled, or frighten'd into any Discovery; for they'll be trying a thousand Tricks with you.

Bum. But may I deny any thing that's charg'd upon me, point-blank, if I be guilty of it?

Citt. Yes in the case of self-preservation, you may; but you must be sure then that no body can disprove you; for if it be known, 'tis a Scandall, and no longer Lawfull: Your best way will be not to answer any Questions against your self.

Bum. But now you have brought me into a Goal, you would do well to tell me how I shall get out again.

Citt. Why before you turn your self thrice in your Kennell, (if Baylable) Y^e are out again, upon a Habeas Corpus: But in the mean time, the Town rings of your Commitment, the Cause of it, and how bravely you carry'd it upon your Examination; all which shall be Reported to your Advantage; and by this time, y^e are Celebrated for the Peoples Martyr. And now come in the Bottles, the Cold-Pies, and the Guymies: But you must lay your finger upon your Mouth, and keep all as close as if the Fayries had brought it.

Bum. Pre^ethee, Citt, wert thou ever bound Prentice to a Stateman?

Citt. No, not altogether so neither; but I serv'd a Convenient time in two of his Majestys Houses; and there I learnt My Politiques; that is to say, in Newgate, and the Gate-house; Two schools (says one) that send more wise men into the World, then the four Inns of Court. Now let your suffering be what it will, the Merit of it will be rated according to the Difficulty and haz-

A Salvo for
a Lye.

The Benefits
of a Prison.

Card of the Encounter: For there's a great difference betwixt the Venture of a *Millory*, and of a *Gibbet*. But in what case soever; if you stand fast, and keep your Tongue in your head, you shall want neither *Money*, nor *Law*; nor *Countenance*, nor *Friends* in the *Court*, nor *Friends* in the *Jury*.

Bum. Hold, hold, *Citt*; what if all my great *Friends* should deceive me at last?

Citt. They'll never dare to do that, for fear you should deceive *them*. I have found the Experiment of it my self, and every *Term* yields us fresh Instances of people that make their *Fortunes* in *atrice*, by a generous contempt of *Principalities*, and *Powers*.

Bum. Thou'rt a brave fellow *Citt*; but pre'thee what may thy *Employment* be at present, if a body may ask thee?

Citt. I am at this present *Bumpkin*, under the *Rose*, a *Secretary*—
 Extraordinary to one of the *Grand Committees* I told thee of; and my business is to draw up *Impeachments*, *Informations*, *Articles*; to lick over now and then a *Narrative*; and to deal with the *Mercuries* to publish nothing against the Interest of that Party; and in *fine*, there's hardly any thing stirs, but I have a finger in't; Mine is a business I can tell you, that brings in *Money*.

The Secretary
to a Grand
Committee.

Bum. I make no doubt on't, *Citt*; But could ye put me in a way to get a little money too?

Citt. We'll talk of that presently. You may think perhaps now the *City-Petition's* blown off, that our *Committee* will have nothing to do. But, I do assure you, business comes in so fast, upon us, that I shall never be able to go through it without an *Assistant*; and if I find you fit for't, you shall be the man.—Nay hold, let me speak, First; do you continue the use of your *Short-hand*?

Bum. Yes, I do: and I have mended my *Bastard-Secretary* very much since you saw it.

Citt. Will you be *Just*, *Diligent*, and *Secret*?

Bum. I'll give you what security you'll ask, for my *Truth* and *Diligence*; and for my *Secrecy*, I could almost forget to speak.

Citt. That *Figure* pleases me; but I must thrust you further. How stands your appetite to *Wine* and *Women*?

Bum. Why truly at the rate of other flesh and blood.

Citt. 'Tis not to barr ye neither; but what *Liberties* ye take, let them be *Private*, and either to advance the *Common Cause*, or at spare hours.

Bum. *You cannot ask nor wish more then I'll do.*

Citt. Only a word or two more, and then I'll let you into my affairs. What course did you propound to your self, in case your *Petition* had succeeded? I ask this, because you seem so much troubl'd at the Disappointment.

Other Petitions upon the Anvil.

Bum. *Why if this Petition had gone on, and the Parliament had met, I was promised four or five Petitions more; One against Danby, and the Lords in the Tower, another for the Sirring of this Parliament, till they had gone through all they had to do; a Third, for taking away the Bishops Votes, a Fourth for the Remove of Evill Counsellours, and a Fifth for putting the Militia into Safe hands.*

Citt. These points you must know, have been a-long time upon the Anvil; and our Friends have Instructions all over the Kingdome, to proceed upon them to shew the Miraculous Union of the Nation. But do you think because the *First Petition* has receiv'd a *cheque*, and the Parliament is *Prorogued*, that therefore the other Petitions must fall to the ground?

Bum. *I cannot well see how it should be otherwise.*

Citt. Why then let me tell you *Bumpkin*, We'll bring the whole business about again, and carry it on, in spite of Fate: for we have better heads at work perhaps then you are aware of.

Bum. *Ay, but what Hands have we Citt? for it will come to that at last.*

Citt. Those *Heads* will find *Hands*, never trouble your self, if there should be occasion; but 'tis too early-days for that sport yet. 'Twas an unlucky thing however to be so surpriz'd; For our Friends did no more dream of the *Sacrament*, then of their *Dying day*.

Bum. *Well there's no recalling of what's past: But the Question is how we shall avoid it for the time to come.*

Citt. Nay *Bumpkin*, there's a Trick worth two of avoiding it, we'll Take it next bout, and then we're safe; we'll carry it, I'll undertake by fifty *Voices*.

Bum. *But cannot the Aldermen hinder you from putting it to the Vote?*

A Designe upon the Common-Council.

Citt. 'Tis the custome of the City I confess, for the *Lord Mayor* to Summon and dissolve *Common-Councils*, and to put all points to the *Question*; but we'll find a cure for that too. 'Tis a thing we've been a good while about already; the bringing down

down the *Authority* of the City into the *Major part* of the *Commons*.

Bum. Now if the Mayor and Aldermen should be aware of this, they'l never endure it; but we must leave that to time. But hark ye Citty. I thought our Friends refusing of the Sacrament had been matter of Conscience.

Citt. Why so it is man, but take notice then, that you are *Distinctions* to distinguish of *Consciences*: There is, *First*, a plain, simple *Con-* of *Conscien-* science, and that's a Conscience that will serve well enough to ces. keep a man *Right*, if he meet with nothing else to put him out of the way. And then there's a Conscience of State, or Profit; and that Conscience yields, as a *Less Weight* does to a *Greater*; an *Ounce* turns the *Scale*, but a *Pound* carries the *Ounce*, and no body blames the *Weaker* for being over-power'd by the *stronger*. There is a Conscience of Profession too; which is a Conscience that does not so much regard the *Reason* of the thing, as the being *True* to a *Party*, when a man has past his *Word*: and this is the Conscience of a man of *Honour*, that fights for his *Whore*. There is likewise a Conscience of Religion, and that's a quiet peaceable Conscience, that rests in the Affections of the *Heart*, in submission to *Lawfull Institutions*; and in serving *God*, and doing Good to our *Neighbour*, without *Noise* or *Ostentation*.

Bum. Well, but I see a great many very Consciencious men that *Consciences* love to Pray and Sing Psalms next the Street, that their Neighbours of State or Interest may hear 'um; and go up and down shaking of their Heads, and wringing of their Hands, crying out of the Calves of Bethel, and the High places, Popery, Prelacy, and the Common Prayer, in such a manner that 'twould grieve a bodies heart to see 'um.

Citt. These are Consciencions men Bumpkin, and this is the Conscience of State or Profit, that I told ye of.

Bum. Ay but I have seen some men in Fits of the Spirit, Jump, and sing about a Pulpit so desperately, that they set the children crying to have 'um let out. One while they'd raise themselves upon their Tip-toes, and Roar out upon a suddain, you'd have thought they had been pinch'd with Hot Irons; and then all in an Instant they'd Dop down again, that ye could hardly see 'um; And so fall into a faint, lamenting Voice, like the Grone of a poor woman three quarters spent in Labour. Nay there was One of 'um that gap'd, and held his mouth open so long, that the People cry'd out, The man has a Bone in his Throat. These must needs be very Consciencious Men, Citty.

Citt.

Bum. *You cannot ask nor wish more then I'll do:*

Citt. Only a word or two more, and then I'll let you into my affairs. What course did you propound to your self, in case your *Petition* had succeeded? I ask this, because you seem so much troubl'd at the Disappointment.

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Citt. Those *Heads* will find *Hands*, never trouble your self, if there should be occasion; but 'tis too early-days for that sport yet. 'Twas an unlucky thing however to be so surpriz'd; For our Friends did no more dream of the *Sacrament*, then of their *Dying day*.

Bum. *Well there's no recalling of what's past: But the Question is how we shall avoid it for the time to come.*

Citt. Nay *Bumpkin*, there's a Trick worth two of avoiding it, we'll Take it next bout, and then we're safe; we'll carry it, I'll undertake by fifty *Voices*.

Bum. *But cannot the Aldermen hinder you from putting it to the Vote?*

A Designe upon the Common-Council.

Citt. 'Tis the custome of the City I confess, for the Lord Mayor to Summon and dissolve Common-Councils, and to put all points to the *Question*; but we'll find a cure for that too. 'Tis a thing we've been a good while about already; the bringing down

down the *Authority* of the City into the *Major part* of the *Commons*.

Bum. Now if the Mayor and Aldermen should be aware of this, they'l never endure it; but we must leave that to time. But hark ye Citty. I thought our Friends refusing of the Sacrament had been matter of Conscience.

Citt. Why so it is man, but take notice then, that you are *Distinctions* to distinguish of *Consciences*: There is, *First*, a plain, simple Con- of Conscience, science, and that's a Conscience that will serve well enough to ces. keep a man *Right*, if he meet with nothing else to put him out of the way. And then there's a *Conscience* of *State*, or *Profit*; and that *Conscience* yields, as a *Less Weight* does to a *Greater*; an *Ounce* turns the *Scale*, but a *Pound* carries the *Ounce*, and no body blames the *Weaker* for being over-power'd by the *stronger*. There is a *Conscience* of *Profession* too; which is a *Conscience* that does not so much regard the *Reason* of the thing, as the being *True* to a *Party*, when a man has past his *Word*: and this is the *Conscience* of a man of *Honour*, that fights for his *Whore*. There is likewise a *Conscience* of *Religion*, and that's a quiet peaceable *Conscience*, that rests in the *Affections* of the *Heart*, in submission to *Lawfull Institutions*; and in serving *God*, and doing *Good* to our *Neighbour*, without *Noise* or *Ospretation*.

Bum. Well, but I see a great many very Consciencious men that *Consciences* love to Pray and Sing Psalms next the Street, that their Neighbours of State or may hear 'um; and go up and down shaking of their Heads, and Interest, wringing of their Hands, crying out of the Calves of Bethel, and the High places, Popery, Prelacy, and the Common Prayer, in such a manner that 'twould grieve a bodie's heart to see 'um.

Citt. These are Consciencious men Bumpkin, and this is the *Conscience* of *State* or *Profit*, that I told ye of.

Bum. Ay but I have seen some men in Fits of the Spirit, Jump, and sing about a Pulpit so desperately, that they set the children a crying to have 'um let out. One while they'd raise themselves upon their Tip-toes, and Roar out upon a suddain, you'd have thought they had been pinch'd with Hot Irons; and then all in an Instant they'd Dop down again, that ye could hardly see 'um; And so fall into a faint, lamenting Voice, like the Grone of a poor woman three quarters spent in Labour. Nay there was One of 'um that gap'd, and held his mouth open so long, that the People cry'd out, The man has a Bone in his Throat. These must needs be very Consciencious Men, Citty.

Citt.

Citt. They are so *Bumpkin*, but 'tis the same *Conscience* still ; for it works all manner of ways. We took up this *Mode* I suppose, from the *Transports*, and *Grimaces* of the *Pagan Priests*, in the Ceremony of their *Sacrifices*, which had a very effectual operation upon the People.

Bum. *Nay* *Citt*, these Men have a Holy way of Language too, as well as of Behaviour, for all their Talk is of Heaven, and Heavenly things, the Saints and the New Jerusalem ; they deal mightily, in *Expositions* upon the *Viols*, and the *Little Horn* : and then they are bitterly severe against Wicked Magistrates, and those that Lord it over Gods Heritage. They are in fine a very Conscientious sort of People.

Citt. Oh beyond question so they are : But this is still a Branch of the same *Conscience*. I have known indeed some people so Transported with this same *Talkative Holiness*, that it has been a kind of *Spiritual Salvation* to 'um ; they continue spitting when they have not one drop of *Moisture* left 'um in their Bodies.

Bum. *Prethee* *Citt*, tell me in honest English, where shall a body finde the simple, and the Religious *Consciences* thou told'st me of ?

Not many Religious Consciences.

Citt. Why every man living has the *Former* of 'um, but takes no notice on't : But for the *Latter* sort, 'tis very scarce ; and you shall finde more of it perhaps in one *Jayle*, or in one *Hospital*, then in all the Courts of *Christendome*. It is commonly the Blessing of men in years, in sickness, or in adversity.

Bum. Ah *Citt*, that I were but as capable of Learning as thou art of Teaching ! *Pre'thee* explain thyself a little upon the *Conscience* of Profession too.

A Conscience of Profession.

Citt. Observe me what I say then, *Bumpkin* : There is a *Profession*, *Particular*, and *General* ; *Particular*, as when One Cavalier serves another in a *Duell*, he's oblig'd to't by the *Profession* of a *Sword-man*, without Formalizing upon the Cause. There's a *Conscience* of *Profession* even among the *Banditti* themselves. What is it but the *Profession* of *Presbytery*, that makes the whole Party oppose *Episcopacy* ; as the *Independents* do *Presbytery* ; the *Republicans*, *Monarchy*, and the like.

Bum. Now I thought that there might have been *Conscience* of State, as well as of *Profession* in These Cases.

Citt. Thou sayst very well, *Bumpkin*, and so there is, and of Profit too ; and it was much the same Case too, throughout the

the Circle of our Late Revolutions, when we Swore and Vow'd from the Oaths of *Allegiance*, and *Canonical Obedience*, to the *Protestation*, the *Solemn League and Covenant*, the *Engagement*, the *Negative Oath*, the Oath of *Abjuration*, and so till we swore round, into the Oath of *Allegiance* again.

Bum. What do you mean now by your Generall Profession ?

Citt. I mean the Subordination of a *Partiall* to a *Generall*, of a *Private Profession* to a *Publ:ck*; as thou seest in the Late Times, *Bumpkin*, how strictly the *Divided Reformers* kept themselves to This Rule, so long as the *Common Enemy* was upon his Legs.

Bum. But who do you mean by the Common Enemy ?

Citt. I mean the *Court*, and the *Church-Party*. So long (I say) all our Brethren of the Separation joyn'd as one man, against that *Inordinate Power*; and herein we were *Conscienciously True* to our *General Profession*; but so soon as ever we had subdu'd that *Popish* and *Tyrannicall Interest*, through the *Conscience* of our *General Profession*, we then consulted our *Particular*; and every man did *Conscienciously* labour for the Establishment of his own way. But now we come to the great *Nicety* of all; that is to say, the *Conscience* of making a *Conscience* of using any *Conscience* at all: There's a Riddle for ye *Bumpkin*.

Bum. I must confess I do not understand one Bitt on't.

Citt. That's for want of a Discerning Spirit *Bumpkin*. What does *Conscience* signifie to the *Saints*, that are deliver'd from the Fetters of *Morall Obligations*, by so many *Extraordinary* and *Over-ruling Priviledges*, which are granted in a peculiar manner to the People of the Lord? What's he the better, or the worse, for keeping or for breaking the *Ten Commandments*, that lies under the *Predestinarian Fate* of an *Unchangeable Necessity* and *Decree*? What needs he care for any other *Guide*, that carries within himself an *Infallible Light*? Or He for any *Rule* at all that cannot *sin*? For the same thing may be a *sin* in another man, which in Him is *None*.

Bum. Really This is admirable: So that we that are the Elect are bound up by no Laws at all, either of God or of Man.

Citt. Why look you now for that; we *Are*, and we are *Not*. If it so happens that the *Inward* and *Invisible Spirit* move us to do the same thing, which the *Outward*, and *Visible Law* requires of us, in That Case we are *Bound*; but so, as to the *Spirit*, not to the *Law*: and therefore we are bid to stand fast in our *Christian Liberty*.

Bum.

Of Christian
Liberty.

Bum. *That's extreamly well said, for if We Christians should be Shackled with Human Laws, which can only reach the Outward Man, then are the Heritage of the Lord, in no better Condition then the Wicked, and the Heathen.*

The Extent
of it.

Citt. *Oh ! th'art infinitely in the Right : for if it were not for this Christian Liberty, we could never have Justify'd our Selves in our Late Transactions : the Designe of Overturning the Government had been Treason ; taking up Arms against the King, Rebellion ; Dividing from the Communion of the Church had been Schism ; appropriating the Church Plate, and Revenues to Private Uses, had been Sacrilege ; Entering upon Sequester'd Livings had been Oppression ; taking away mens Estates had been Robbery ; Imprisoning of their Persons had been Tyranny ; using the name of God to all This, would have been Hypocrisie, forcing of Contradictory Oaths had been Impiety, and Shedding the Blood both of the King, and his People, had been Murther : And all This would have appear'd so to be, if the Cause had come to be Try'd by the Known Laws either of God, or of Man.*

Bum. *Make us thank full now ! What a blessed State are we in, that Walk up to our Calling, in Simplicity and Truth, whose Yea is Yea, and whose Nay is Nay. 'Tis a strange way thou hast Citt, of making things out to a man. Thou wert saying but now, that the same thing may be a Sin in One Man, and not in Another. I'm thinking now of the Jesuits.*

Citt. *Oh That's a Juggling, Equivocating, Hellish sort of People ; 'tis a thousand pities that they're suffer'd to live upon the Earth ; They value an Oath no more then they do a Rush. Those are the Heads of the Plot now upon the Life of the King, the Protestant Religion, and the Subversion of the Government.*

Jesuites and
Phanatiques
compar'd.

Bum. *Ay, Ay, Citt, they're a damn'd Generation of Hell-hounds. But, as I was thinking just now ; we have so many things among Us, like some things among Them, that I have been run down sometimes almost, as if We our selves were Jesuites ; though I know there's as much difference as betwixt Light and Darknesse : and for my part, I Desie them as I do the Devil.*

A vast Difference
betwixt
them.

But Citt thou hast so wonderfull a way of making matters plain, I'de give any thing in the world thou'dst but teach me what to say in some cases, when I am put to't. One told me 'tother day, You are rather worse then the Jesuites ; (says he) for when They break an Oath, they have some mental Reservation or other for a Come-off :

But

But You Swallow your Perjuries, just as Cormorants do Eeles; an Oath's no sooner In at One End, then Out at t'other.

Citt. Let your Answer be This, Bumpkin, That the Law-maker is Master of his own Laws; and that the Spirits dictating of a New Law, is the Superseding of an Old one.

Bum. These are hard words, Citt; but he told me further, don't You Justifie King-Killing (says he) as well as the Jesuits? Only for compar'd. Their Practi- They do't with Pistol, Dagger, and Poyson; and You come with Your Horse, Foot, and Cannon: They proceed by Excommunicating, and Deposing; by dissolving the Character, first, and then destroying the Person; and just so did You. First, ye Depos'd the King, and Then ye Beheaded Charles Stuart. And then you need never go to Rome for a Pardon, when every man among you is his own Pope.

Citt. Now your Answer must be This; That we had, First, The Fanatics Clear'd. the Warrant, for what we did, of an Extraordinary Dispensation. (as appear'd in the providence of our Successes) Secondly, we had the Laws of Necessity, and Self-preservation to Support us. And Thirdly, the Government being Coordinate, and the King only One of the Three Estates; any Two of the Three might deal with the Third as They thought Fit: Beside the Ultimate Sovereignty of the People, over and above. And now take notice, that the same Argument holds in the Subversion of the Government.

Bum. Now you have Arm'd me Thus far, pray'e help me on, one Step farther; for I was hard put to't not long Since, about the businesse of the Protestant Religion. What is That, I pray'e, that ye call the Protestant Religion?

Citt. You are to understand, that by the Protestant Religion is meant the Religion of the Dissenters in England, from the Church of England; As the First Protestants in Germany 1529. (from whom we denominate our Selves) were Dissenters from the Church of Rome: And So Call'd from the famous Protestation they enter'd against the Decree of the Assembly at Spies, against Anabaptists.

Bum. So that I perceive We Set up the Protestant Religion; we did not Destroy it: But they prest it Then, that the Church of England was a Protestant Church, and that the Jesuites had only Design'd the Destruction of it, where as We did Actually Execute it.

C

Citt.

Citt. Your Answer must be, that the Church of England, though it be a little *Protestantish*, it is not yet directly *Protestant*: As on the Other side, it is not altogether the *Whore of Babilon*, though a good deal *Wherish*; and therefore the Reply to That must be, that we did not *Destroy*, but only *Reform* it.

Bum. Why I have answer'd People out of my Own Mother-Wit, that we did but *Reform* it. And they told me again, the *Cutting* of it off Root and Branch, was a very *Extraordinary* way of *Reforming*.

The meaning
of Root and
Branch.

Citt. The Answer to That is Obvious, that the *Cutting Off* Root and Branch, is only a *Thorow*, or a *Higher* degree of *Reforming*. But upon the whole matter, it was with *Us* and the *Jesuites*, as it was with *Aaron* and the *Magicians*; we did *Both* of us, make *Frogs*, but *We* alone had the Power to quicken the *Dust* of the *Land*, and turn it into *Lice*.

Thou art by this time, I presume, sufficiently instructed in the *Methods*, and *Fundamentalls* of the *Holy Cause*. I shall now give you some necessary *Hints*, to fit, and qualify you for the *Province* that I intend you. But besure you mind your *Lesson*.

Bum. As I would do my Prayers, *Citt*, or I were *Ungratefull*, for you have made me for ever.

Citt. Come we'll take 'tother *Sup*, first, and then to work. Who *ways* there without? *Two* *Potts* more, and shut the door after *Te*.

A great part of Your businessse, *Bumpkin*, will ly among *Parliament-Rolls*, and *Records*; for it must be *Our Post* to furnish *Materialls* to a *Caball* only of *Three Persons*, that may be ready upon *Occasion*, to be made use of by the *Grand Committee*.

Rolls and Re-
cords hunted
for Presidents.

Bum. My *Old Master* would say that I had as good a gueste at a *Musty Record*, as any man; And 'twas my whole *Employment* almost, to hunt for *Presidents*. Nay the *People* would *Trust* me with *Great Bags* home to my *Lodging*; and leave me alone sometimes in the *Offices* for four and twenty hours together.

Citt. But what kind of *Presidents* were they that Ye lookt for?

Bum. Concerning the *Kings Prerogative*, *Bishops Votes*, the *Liberty* and *Property* of the *Subject*; and the like: And such as *They wanted*, I writ out.

Citt. But did you *Recite* them *Whole*? or what did you *Take*, and what did you *Leave*?

Bum.

Bum. We took what serv'd our Turn, and left out the Rest; and sometimes we were taken Tripping, and sometimes we Scap'd: But we never falsify'd any thing. There were some dogged Passages, indeed we durst not meddle with at all; but I can turn ye to any thing you have occasion for, with a wet-finger.

Citt. So that here s One great point quickly over; in thy being Train'd to my hand: A man might lay thee down *Instructi- Lessons of Behaviour for the Well-affected.* ons, now, for thy very Words, Looks, Motions, Gestures; nay thy very Garments; but we'll leave those matters to Time, and Study. It is a strange thing how Nature puts her self forth, in these *Externall Circumstances*. Ye shall Know a Sanctifi'd Sister, or a Gifted Brother more by the *Meene, Countenance, and Tone*, then by the Tenour of their *Lives, and Manners*. It is a Comely thing for Persons of the Same Perswasion, to agree in these *Outward Circumstances*, even to the drawing of the same Tone, and making of the same Face: Always provided, that there may be read in our *Appearances*, a Singularity of Zeal, a Contempt of the World, a fore-boding of Evills to come; a dissatisfaction at the Present Times; and a Despair of Better.

Bum. Why This is the very Part, that I was Made for; these Humours are to be put On, and Off, as a man would shift his Gloves; and you shall see me do't as Easily too; but the Language must be got, I Phansy, by *Conversing with Modern Authours, and frequenting Religious Exercises*.

Citt. Yes, yes, and for a help to your memory I would advise you to dispose of your Observations into these *Three Heads, Words, Phrases, and Metaphors*: Do you conceive me?

Bum. There's not a word you say, falls to the Ground. And I am the more sensible of the force of Words, Looks, Tones, and Metaphors (as ye call 'em) from what I finde in my self. Ours certainly may be well term'd a Powerfull Ministry, that makes a man cry like a Child at the very Noyse of a Torrent of Words that he does not Understand One Syllable of. Nay, when I have been out of reach of hearing the Words, the very Tone and Look, has Melted me.

Citt. Thou canst not but have heard of That Moving Metaphor of the late Reverend Mr. Fowler: Lord Sowse us; (says he) Lord Dowse us, in the Powdering-Tubb of Affliction; that we may come forth Tripes worthy of thy Holy Table. Who can resist the Undundation of This Rhetorique? But let us now pass from the Generall Ornaments of our Profession, to the Particular businesse of our present Case.

I need not tell you, *Bumpkin*, of the *Plott*, or that we are all running into *Popery*; and that the best Service an *Englishman* can do his *Country*, would be the ripping up of This *Designe* to the *Bottom*.

Bum. I am so much of Your Opinion, that you have Spoken my very Thoughts.

Citt. Bethink your self, *Bumpkin*; what *Papists* do you know?

Bum. Oh, hang 'um all, I never come near any of 'um.

Citt. But yet you may have Heard, perhaps, of some people that are *Popishly affected*.

Bum. Yes, yes; There are abundance of Them.

Citt. Can you prove that ever they Sayd, or Did any rhing, in favour of the *Papists*?

Bum. Nay there's enough of That I believe; but then there are such Huge Great men among 'um.

Citt. Pluck up a good heart *Bumpkin*; the Greater, the Better; We fear 'um not. Rub up your Memory, and call to minde what yon can say upon Your own Knowledge, and what you have Heard; either about Sir *Edmond-Bury Godfrey*, The *Plot*; The *Traitors* that Suffer'd, or the *Kings Evidence*.

Bum. I have seen people shrug sometimes, and lift up their Hands and Eyes, and shake their Heads, and then they would clutch their Fists, look sour, make Mouths, and bite their Nails, and so: And I dare swear I know what they thought.

Citt. Ah *Bumpkin*, if they had but so much as mutter'd, they'd been our own.

Signs in Evidence.

Bum. Well but hark ye *Citt*, I bear People swear, or in WORDS to this Effect; why may not a Man as well swear, in SIGNS to this Effect? and that they lifted up their Eyes, and hands, bent their Fists, knit their Brows, and made Mouths, to this or that Effect?

Citt. No, that will never do *Bumpkin*, but if thou could'st but phanfy that thou heard'st them speak.

Bum. Why truly I never thought on't, but I saw a Parson once, the Tears stood in his Eyes, as one of 'um went by to Execution. But your Surcingle-men, (as our Doctor told us last Lords day) are all of 'um *Papists* in their Hearts.

Citt. Why what's the Common-Prayer Book *Bumpkin*, but a mess of Parboyl'd *Popery*?

Bum. I'm a dog, if our Minister does not pray for the Queen still.

Citt.

Citt. Nay, we are e'en at a fine pass, when the *Pulpit* prays Sad Times for the *Queen*, and the *Bench* Drinks the *Duke of Yorks Health*. But to the point, bethink your self well; a man may forget a thing to day, and recollect it to morrow. Take notice however, that it is another main point of your Instructions to procure *Informations* of this quality.

Bum. I le fit you to a hair for that matter: But then I must be running up and down ye know, into Taverns, and Coffee-houses, and thrusting my self into Meetings, and Clubs. That licks many.

Citt. Never trouble your self for that, you shall be well paid and your expences born: Beside so much a head from the State, for every Priest that you discover.

Bum. Well! these Priests and Jesuites are damn'd fellows.

Citt. And yet let me tell you *Bumpkin*, a bare fac'd Papist is not half so bad as a *Papist* in *Masquerade*.

Bum. Why what are those I prethee?

Citt. They are your *Will-worship-men*, your *Prelates Brats*: Take the whole Litter of 'um; and you' finde never a barrel better *Herring*. Let me tell thee in Love *Bumpkin*, these *Curs* are forty times worse to Us then the *Jesuits themselves*; for the *One* is an *Open Enemy*, the *Other* lies gnawing like a Canker in our *Bow-ells*. And then being train'd up to *Latin* and *Greek*, there's no opposing of the *Power of Godliness* to the *S. phistry of Human Reason*: Beside that, the *Law* is *For* us in the *One Case*, and *Against* us in the *Other*.

Church-men
worse to Dis-
senters then
Jesuites.

Bum. Which way shall we go to work then, to deal with this *Generation of Men*?

Citt. We must joyn the *Wisdom* of the *Serpent*, to the *Innocence* of the *Dove*; and endeavour to compals that by *stratagem*, which we cannot gain by *Argument*. But now am I going to open a *Mystery* to thee; that's worth—

Bum. Prethee the *Worth* on't *Citt*: For talk is but talk, the *Worth* is the Main point.

Citt. Why then let me tell thee *Bumpkin*, the *Mystery* that I am about to disclose to thee, was worth to our Predecessours not long since, no less then *Three Kingdoms*, and a better penny. But I le seal your Lips up; before I stir one step further.

Bum. Why look ye *Citt*, may this Drink never go thorough me; if I ever blab one Syllable of any thing thou tell'st me as a Secret.

Citt.

Citt. Hold, hold, *Bumkin*, and may it never come up again if thou do'st; for we'll have no shifting.

Bum. And may it never come up again neither if I do.

The strange
agreement of
Dissenters.

Citt. Well, I'm satisfy'd, and now give attention; thou see'st how unanimously fierce all the several Parties of the *Protestant Dissenters* are against the *Papists*. Whence comes this *Conjunction*, I prethee, of so many *separate Congregations*, that are many of them worse than *Papists*, *One to Another*? There must be in it, either *Conscience*, or *Interest*: If it were *Conscience*, we should fall foul *One upon Another*, and for matter of *Interest*; when the *Papists* are *destroy'd*, we are but still where we were.

Bum. This is a crotchet, *Citt*, that did not fall under my *Night-Cap*.

The scope of
that Agree-
ment.

Citt. Be enlighten'd then. It is not the Destruction of those that are *Really Papists*, that will do our Work; for there's nothing to be got by't. But it must be our business to make those people pass for *Papists*, that are not so, but only have *Places to Lose*: such as we our selves, by the removal of them, may be the better for; and *This*, *Bumpkin* must be our *Master-piece*.

Bum. I had this very phansy my self, *Citt*; but it stuck betwixt my *Teeth*, and would not out.

Citt. You hear now in General, what is to be done; You must be next instructed in the *Acts of Raising, Cherishing, and Fomenting* such *Opinions*; in what *Cases* to *Improve* them, and where to *apply* them.

Who are Po-
pishly affected
in the first
place.

Bum. I'm perswaded my *Masters Brother* had this very thing in his *Head*, though he never made any words on't to me, He had got a *List of all the considerable Offices and Employments in the Kingdom*: And I remember he was us'd to say, that most of the respective Officers were either *Corrupt*, or *Popishly affected*. If they were *Publick Ministers*; either the *Kings Councils* were betray'd, or they put him upon *Governing in an Arbitrary way, and without Parliaments*: As for the *Judges* there was either *Bribery, Absolute Power, or Oppression laid to their Charge*; and so all the rest were branded for *Frauds, Imbezilments, and the like, according to the Quality of their business*: All the *Governours of Towns, Castles, and Forts, were Popishly Inclind*; and not to be *Trusted*. And then all *Ecclesiasticall Officers, whatsoever, within four or five, were half way at Rome already*.

Citt.

Citt. This is well remembred, *Bumpkin*; Now 'tis worth a bodies while to make *these Blades* passe for *Papists*, and *Traitors*, that leave *Good Offices* behinde 'um. Nay, we must not suffer so much as any man, either of *Brains*, or *Fortune* (that does not joyn with *Us*) to passe untainted.

Bum. *Thou say'st Right, Citt; for whosoever is not With us, is Against us.*

Citt. Thou hast spoken patt to This point, *Bumpkin*; but yet thou begin'st at the wrong End; For you must first get the skill of *Raising*, and *Improving* a *Report*, before ye come to the *Fixing* of it: For that's a Nicety not to be medled with, till we come to the taking out of the very Pins, and the Unhinging of the Government; So that the *First Clamour* must be Level'd point-blank at some *Known*, and *Eminent Papists*.

Bum. *Well, but what shall we Charge 'um with?*

Citt. Why, if we were Once at the bottom of *This Plot* (which, upon my foul, *Bumpkin*, is a most hideous one) and wanted *matter for Another*, I would charge them with a designe of betraying us to a *Foreign Enemy*.

Bum. *As how a Forreign Enemy pre'thee?*

Citt. As Thus: I would charge 'um with holding an *Intelli- A Heavy* gence with the Emperor of *Morocco*, for the Landing of *five and Charge* thirty thousand *Light-horse men* upon *Salisbury Plain*.

Bum. *Pre'thee, Citt, don't Romance.*

Citt. Pre'thee do not *Balderno*, ye should say; Speak *Statutable English*, ye Fool you. Thou think'st perhaps that the people will not believe it: Observe but what I say to thee; let it but be put into the *Protestant Domestique*, that his *Imperiall Majesty* is to hold up his hand at the *Kings Bench-barr* for't, and let me be *Dogs-meat* if they do not swallow That too. Why pre'thee, *Nothing In- Bumpkin*, we must make 'um believe stranger Things than This, *credible:* or we shall never do our businessse. They must be made to believe that the *King* intends to play the *Tyrant*; that all his *Counsellors* are *Pensioners* to the *French King*; that all his *Enemies* are turn'd his *Friends*, o'th sodain, and all his *Friends*, his *Enemies*; That *Prelacy* is *Anti-Christian*; all our *Clergy-men*, *Papists*, the *Liturgie* the *Masse-Book*, and that the *Ten Commandments* are to be read *backward*.

Bum. *Blesse me, Citt, what do I hear?*

Citt. Come, come, *Sirrah*; y'are under an *Oath*; and This is:

Popish Ministers may have Orthodox Offices.

is the plain Truth on'. What is it to Thee and Me, I pre'thee, whether the *Great Ministers* be True, or False; Or what Religion, the Clergy are of, so long as their *Living's* ye Rogue, are *Orthodox*, and their Offices well-Affected.

Bum. *This does Qualifie, I must confesse. But you were saying, that the First Clamour should be levell'd at some Known and Eminent Papiits: Now what comes after That, I beseech you?*

Citt. You may lately Mark all Their Friends then for *Popishly-Affected*; and so consequently on to all that Love them, and all that They Love. When this Opinion is once started, 'tis an Easy matter, by the help of *Invention*, and *Story*, to improve it; and by this means we shall come, in a short time to secure all the *Councils* of the Nation to our Party, that are chosen by *Suffrage*. If you were read in History you would finde, that still as the Papiists set the House on fire, the Non-conformists took the Opportunity of roasting their own Eggs.

Who are Popishly affected.

Bum. Yes, yes, I understand ye. As for Example now, One goes to the Lords in the Tower, another (as you were saying) drinks the Dukes Health, a Third prays for the Queen: a Fourth Phantasies Two Plots; a Fifth refuses the Petition, a Sixth speaks well of my Lord Chief Justice, or calls the Protestant Domestick a Libel. All these now are Popishly-Affected.

Citt. Save your breath Bumpkin, and take all in one word: whosoever will not do as we would have him shall be made so.

But now to the matter of *Invention*, and *Story*; I hate the over-hearing of Discourses, in *Blinde Allyes*, and such ordinary *Shams*: I'm rather for coming downright to the Man, and to the Poynt; after the way of the Protestant Domestique.

Movers of Moment.

Bum. Ay, ay: There's your free Speaker. Well Citt, the King wants such men about him. But pre'thee hear me; Is it certain his Majesty has Lent the King of France Three Millions?

Citt. No, no; some Two and a half; or thereabouts.

Bum. Why, if the King would but make a League now with the Swiss to keep the Turk off, That way; and another with the Protestants in Hungary, to keep off the French, the whole world could never hurt us.

Citt. Nay that's true enough, but then the Pole lies so damnable betwixt Us and the Baltique.

Bum. I'de not value that a Half-penny, so long as we have the Waldenses to Friend.

Citt.

Citt. And then *New-England* lies so conveniently for *Provisions*. But what do you think of drawing *Nova Scotia*, and *Geneva* into the *Alliance*?

Bum. *Ay, but there's no hope of that: so long as the King follows these Counsells.*

Citt. Thou art a great Read man I perceive in the *Interests of States*.

Bum. *I have always had a phansy to Stows Survey of London, and those kinde of Books.*

Citt. But Good *Pumpkin*, what's thy Opinion of the *Bishops Votes*, in Case of *Life and Death*?

Bum. *Ay, or in Cases of Heaven and Hell either. Why as true as thou art a man Citt, we have but three Protestant Bishops in the Nation; and I am told they are warping too.*

Citt. Prethee why should we look for any *Protestant Bishops* in the *Kingdom*, when there's no *Protestant Episcopacy* in the *World*? but for all this, we may yet live to see the *Ruffling* of their *Lawn sleeves*.

Bum. *Oh, now I think on't; didst thou ever reade the Story of Moses and the Ten Tables?*

Citt. The *Two Tables* in the *Mount* thou mean'st.

Bum. *Gad I think 'tis the Two Tables. I read it in Print to'ther day, in a very good Book, that as sure as thou art alive now, the Bishops in Harry the 8th. made the Ten Commandments.*

Citt. Why that was the reason, *Bumpkin*, when the *Lords and Commons* put down *Bishops*, they put down the *Ten Commandments* too; and made *New ones* of their Own. And dost not thou take notice that they put down the *Lords Prayer* too, because 'twas akin to the *Papish Pater-Noster*? and then for the *Creed*, they cast it quite out of the *Directory*.

Bum. *Now as thou lay'st it down to me, the Case is as clear as Crystal. And yet when I'm by my self sometime, I'm so affraid me-thinks of being Damn'd.*

Citt. What for, ye Fop you?

Bum. *Why for Swearing, Lying, Dissembling, Cheating, Betraying, Defaming, and the like.*

Citt. Put it at worst, do not you know that every man must have his *Dos of Iniquity*? And that what you take out in *One* are only for way you abate for in *another*, as in *Profaning, Whoring, Drinking*, Profitable and so forth. Suppose you should see *POYSON* set in *Capi-* Sins.

tal Letters, upon *seven Vials* in a *Laboratory*; 'twere a madness I know, for any man to venture his Life upon 'um, without a *Taster*. But having before your Eyes so many Instances, of men, that by drinking of these Poysonous Liqueurs, out of a *Consumptive*, *half-starv'd*, and *Heart-broken* Condition, grow *Merry*, *Fat*, and *Lusty*, would not you venture too? Imagine These *Seven Waters* to be the *Seven Deadly Sins*, and then make your *Application*.

Bum. *Nay, the Case is plain enough, and I cannot see why that should be a Poyson to me, that's a Preservative to Another: Only our Adversaries twit us with Objections of Law forsooth, and Religion.*

Citt. Wherefore the Discipline of the Late Times sav'd a great deal of puzzle. Mr. Pryn sent *His Clients* to Mr. Case for *Religion*; and Mr. Case, in requital, sent *His* to Mr. Pryn for *Law*; which kept up a concord among the *Well-affected*. But your Lesson in both these Cases, falls into a very *Narrow compass*.

Bum. *Pray'e let it be Plain that I may understand it; and short that I may Remember it.*

Three. Posi-
ons.

Citt. Keep close only to these *Three Positions*: *First*, that the King is *One* of the *Three Estates*; *Secondly*, that the *Sovereign Power* is in the *People*; and *Thirdly*, that it is better to obey *God*, then *Man*. These *Fundamentals* will serve to guide ye in almost any dispute upon this Matter, that can occur to you.

Bum. *But what becomes of me, if my Adversaries should turn the question another way?*

Citt. I'll fortify you there too. And let me tell you that he'll have much ado to keep himself Clear of one of these *Two Rocks*: Either of *Dashing* upon the *Plott*, or upon the *Liberty of the Subject*. As for Example,

L'Estrange
Confuted.

There's *L'Estrange*; as wary a Dog perhaps, as ever pish; and yet ye shall see how we have hamper'd Him. I writ the thing my self, ye must know, though it comes out in the Name of the *Ambassadors of the Weekly Pacquet of Advice from Rome*. 'Tis Dedicated to *Both Houses of Parliament*; and Design'd just for the *26th. of January*: So that if the Parliament had Set, there would have been means us'd to have had him *Question'd* for't.

Bum. *Gad, I know where y'are now. 'Tis in the Preface to the History of the Damnable Popish Plott.*

Citt. Ay, that's it. I'll give ye *First*, the *Words* in't that concern

concern *L'Estrange*, and you shall *Then* see the *Writings* of *His* that I have reflected upon.

Bum. *Oh, 'Tis a devilish witty Thing, Citty; I have seen it. Me-thinks the Rogue, should hang himself out of the way: I'll go to Mans Coffee-house and see how he Looks on't.*

Citt. No, no, Pox on him; he's an Impudent Curr; nothing less than a Pillory will ever put Him out of Countenance. This Toad was in *Newgate*, I know not how long; and yet he'll take no warning.

Bum. *You must consider, Citty, that he writes for Money; O my Soul, they say, the Bishops have given him five hundred Guyn-nyes. But pre'thee Citty; hast not thou seen the Answer to the Ap-
peal, Expounded.*

Citt. Yes, but I ha' not read it.

Bum. *Why then take it from me, Citty, 'tis one of the shrewdest Pieces that ever came in Print. L'Estrange, you must know, wrote an Answer to the Appeal.*

Citt. We've a sweet Government the while, that any man should dare to fall foul upon *That Appeal*.

Bum. *Well, but so it is; and Another has written Notes upon Him: You can't imagine Citty, how he windes him about's Finger; And calls him Fidler, Impudent, Clod-pate; and proves him to be a Jesuite, and a Papist, as plain as the Nose of a mans Face: he shews ye how he accuses the Kings Evidence; and that he is in Both Plots, in I know not how many places.*

Citt. I have known the man a great while; and let me tell ye in Private, I am to draw up *Articles* against him. But I have been so busy about my *Lord Chief Justices Articles*, and *Other Articles* against a *Great Woman*, that lay upon my hand, that I could not get leisure; and yet I should have met with him long e're This too, for all That, but that the *Committee* Sits so cursedly Late: And then they have cut me out such a deal of work about the *Succession*. Well I heard a great Lord say, that *That History* of his deserv'd to be burnt by the hand of the *Common Hang-man*.

Bum. *Bravely sayd, Citty, I Faith: who knows but we two may come to be Pillars of the Nation? Thou shalt stand up for the City, and I for the Country.*

Enter Trueman out of a Closet.

*Enter
Trueman.*

Citt. Trepan d, by the Lord, in our own way.

Trueman. Nay hold, my Masters; we'l have no flinching. Sit down, ye' had best, without putting me to the Trouble of a Constable.

Citt. Why we have said nothing, Sir, that we care who hears; but because you seem to be a Civill Gentleman, my Service to you, Sir.

Bum. Ay, Sir; and if you'l be pleas'd to sit down and Chirp over a Pot of Ale as we do, y're welcome.

*Citt's Faculty
and Employ-
ment.*

True. Very-good; And You are the Representative (forsooth) of the City, and You, of the Countrey. Two of the Pillars of the Nation, with a Horse-Pox; A man would not let down his Breeches in a House of Office that had but Two such Supporters. Do not I know you, *Citt*, to be a little Grubstreet-Insect, that but 'rother day scribbled Handy-dandy for some Eighteen-pence a Job, Pro and Con, and glad on't too? And now, as it pleases the stars, you are advanc'd from the Obort, the Miscarriage, I mean, of a Cause-splitter, to a Drawer-up of Articles: and for your skill in Counterfeiting hands, prefer'd to be a Solicitor for Fobb'd Petitions: You'l do the Bishops bus'nesse, and You'l do the Dukes bus'nesse; And who but You, to tell the King when he shall make War, or Peace; call Parliaments, and whom to Commit; and whom to let go? And then in your Fuddle, up comes all; what such a Lord told you, and what you told him; and all this Pudder against your Conscience too, even by your own Confession.

Citt. Y'are very much Mis-inform'd of Me, Sir.

True. Come, I know ye too well to be mistaken in you; and for your part, *Bumpkin*, I look upon you only as a simple Fellow drawn in.

*Bumpkins
account of
himself.*

Bum. Not so simple neither, it may be, as you take me for. I was a Justices Clerk in the Countrey, till the bus'nesse of the Petitions; and my Master was an Honest Gentleman too, though he's now put out of Commission: And to shew ye that I am none of your simple Fellows (do ye mark) if ye have a minde to dispute upon Three Points, I'm for you. First, the King is One of the Three Estates; Secondly,

Secondly, the Sovereign Power is in the People. And Thirdly, 'Tis better to Obey God than Man.

Citt. Always provided *Bumpkin*, that the Gentleman take no advantage of what's spoken in Discourse.

True. No, there's my hand I will not ; and now let's fall to work. if the King of *England* be One of the *Three Estates*, then the *Lords* and *Commons* are two *Thirds* of the King of *England*.

Bum. Oh pox, you've a minde to put a sham upon the Plot, I perceive. *Bumpkin's way of Argument.*

True. Nay, if y^e are thereabouts : — Well, If the Sovereignty be in the People, why does not the Law run, In the Name of our Sovereign Lords the People ?

Bum. This is a meer Jesuitical Trick. to disparage the Kings Witnesses ; for They are part of the People. Now do you take up the Cudgels, Citt.

True. Do so, and we'l wake it a short business, and let's have no shifting.

Now to shew ye that I gave good heed to your Disconrse, I'll run over the Heads of it as ye deliver'd them. First, for Committees, and Grand Committees, what are they compounded of, but *Republicans*, and *Seperatists*, a Medly of People disaffected both to Church and State ? This you cannot deny ; and that they would not suffer any man otherwise affected, to mingle with them. Now beside the scandal, and Ill Example of such Irregular Conventions, whoever considers their Principles, may reasonably conclude upon their Designs : For they are wiser, I hope, then to lay their Heads together to destroy themselves.

The Composition of the Committees.

Citt. But it is hard, if Protestants may not meet, as well as Other People.

True. Yes, Protestants may meet, but not in the quality of Conspirators, no more then Conspirators, may meet under the Cloak, and colour of Protestants. The intent of the Meeting is matter of State, and you turn it off, to a point of Religion.

Citt. But is it not matter of Religion to joyn in a Petition for the meeting of a Parliament, to bring Malefactors to a Tryall, and to extirpate Popery ?

True. Such a Petition as you Instance in, is in the appearance of it, not only Lawfull, but Commendable ; but then it must be promoted by Lawfull means, and under Decent Circumstances.

'Tis not.

'Tis a good thing to *Preach*, or *Catechize*, but it is not for a *Lay-man* presently to pluck the *Parson* out of the *Desk*, or *Pulpit*, that he himself may do the Office. It is a Good thing to execute *Justice*, but yet a *private man* must not invade the *Judgment-Seat*, though it were to passe even the most *Righteous Sentence*.

Citt. The King may chuse whether he'll *Grant* or no; So that without invading *His Right* we only claim the *Liberty* of *Presenting the Request*.

No Petition
to be pres'd
after Prohibi-
tion.

True. That may be well enough at *First*; but still, after *One Refusal*, and That with a *Publick Interdict* on the Neck on't, forbidding the pursuance of it; such a *Petition* is not by any means to be *Repeated*. *First*, out of *Respect* to *Regal Authority*: *Secondly*, as the *King* is the *Sole Judge* of the matter: *Thirdly*, upon the *Importunity*, it is not so properly *Desiring* of a thing, as *Tugging* for it. *Fourthly*, It tends many ways to the Diminution of his Majesties *Honour*, in case it be Obtain'd: For it implies, either *Levity*, or *Fear*; or (to make the best on't) the *King* confers the *Obligation*, and the *Heads of the Petition* receive the *Thanks*. Now adde to all this, the *suborning* of *Subscriptions*, and the *Inflaming* of *Parties*, what can be more *Undutifull* or *Dangerous*?

Citt. But do not you find many *Honest* and *Considerable men* concern'd in these *Petitions*?

The Nation
poyson'd with
false Princi-
ples.

The Injustice
of our Com-
mon-wealths
even.

True. Yes, in several of them I do; and the main reason is This. There's no man under *Five* and *Fifty*, at Least, that is able to give any Account, of the *Designe*, and *Effects* of this way of *Petitioning* in *Forty* and *Forty One*, but by *Hear-say*: so that This Nation proceeds mostly upon the *Maxims*, and *Politiques*, which That *Republican Humour* deliver'd over to us: But yet let the *Thing*, or the *Manner* of it be as it will, Those that *disarm'd*, and *turn'd back* the *Kentish Petitioners* at *London-bridge*. Those that *Wounded*, and *Murder'd* the *Surrey-Petitioners* in the *Palace Yard*, only for desiring a *Peace*, and in order to the *Preservation* of his late Majesty: Those People methinks, that were so *Outrageous Against Those Petitions* (and Several others of the same kind) should not have the Face now to be so *Violent*, for This. And whoever examines the *present Roll*, will find the *Old Republicans* to be the *Ring-Leaders*.

Bum. Really, *Citt*, the man speaks Reason.

Tru. Consider then the *Mean ways* ye have of advancing your
Preten-

Fretenſions, by *Falſhoods*, and *Scandals*, to diſappoint *Honeſt* men of *Elections*; The uſe ye make of the moſt *Servile Inſtruments*, to promote your Ends; your *fawning Methods* of *Popularity* toward the *Rabble*; your ways of undermining the *Government of the City*, as well as of the *Nation*; your worſe then *Jeſuitical Eviſions* in matter of *Conſcience*; your *Non-ſenſical Salvo's*, and *Expoſitions of Chriſtian Liberty*; your putting out the *Church of Englands Colours*, and calling your ſelves *Proteſtants*, when you are effectually no better then *Algerines*, and *Pyrating* even upon *Chriſtianity it ſelf*; your *Beating of the wood*, in the *Hiſtory of our moſt Seditious Times*, to ſtart *Preſidents and Records* in favour of your own *Diſloyal Purpoſes*. The *Phariſaical* Diſtinguiſhing of your ſelves from the *Profane* (as you are pleas'd to ſtile all others, even in your *Dreſſe, Tone, Language, &c.* Your *Uncharitable Bitterneſſe of Spirit*; your *lying in wait for Blood*; and laying of *Snares* for the *Unwary* and the *Innocent*; and ſtill vouching an *Inſpiration* for all your *Wickedneſſe*; your gathering of all *Winds* toward the raiſing of a *Storm*; your *Unity in Oppoſition*, and in *nothing Elſe*: your *Clamours*, and *Invectives* againſt *Prieſts*, and *Jefuits*, when it is the *Church of England* yet, that feels the *Laſt effect* of your *Sacrilegious Rage*. 'Tis not ſo much the *Officers* of the *Church*, and *State*, that are *Popiſhly Affected*, but the *Offices* Themſelves; and Thoſe in the *fiſt place* (as you chuſe your *Sins* too) that are moſt *Beneficial*. To ſay nothing of your wild *Impoſtures* upon the *Multitude*. —

Cit. Now you talk of *Impoſtures*, what do you think of *L'Eſtrange's Hiſtory of the PLOT*, and his *Answer to the APPEAL*? Whether are Thoſe Pamphlets, *Impoſtures* upon the *Multitude*, or *Not*?

Tru. You were ſaying e'en now, That *The Hiſtory of the Damnable Popiſh Plot* was of your Writing; Answer me That Queſtion, *Fiſt*; Was it ſo, or not?

Cit. No, it was not of my Writing; It was done by a *Proteſtant-Club*.

Tru. Why then let me tell ye, if a man may believe the *Preface* to That *Club-Hiſtory*, or the *Notes* upon the *Answer to the Appeal* (for I have read them all:) *L'Eſtrange's Pamphlets* are great abuſes upon the *People*: But if you had the *Books about ye*, the matter were eaſily clear'd, by comparing them.

Citt. By good luck we have 'um all about us, that can any way concern this Question. And look ye here now.

Reflexions upon L'Estrange.

First, *He calls his Abridgement of the Tryals, The History of the Plot, without mentioning one word of the Original Contrivance, the Preparatives, manner of Discovery, and other Remarkables essential to a History.*

2. *He omits Staly's and Reading's Tryals, which yet sure had Relation to the Plot.*

3. *In his Epistle, he seems to drown the Popish Plot with suggestions of an Imaginary One of the Protestants.*

4. *The amusing People with such Stories, is notoriously a Part of the Grand Popish Designe.*

5. *Whereas he tells us, that not one Material Point is omitted, most Readers cannot finde the substantial part of Mr. Bedloes Evidence against Wakeman, (P. 46 of the Tryall) So much as hinted at : Not to mention the gross shuffles, and Omissions in Pag. 77. and elsewhere.*

6. *He charges the Printed Tryals (in his FREEBORN SUBIECT P. 15.) with many Gross Incoherences, and very Material mistakes ; yet Instances but One, and corrected too, as an Erratum.*

7. *When Our Posterity shall urge these Tryals for proof against Papists, how easily may the subtle Villains stop their Mouths, by alledging from this Authour that no heed is to be given to the said Tryals ; (being so publickly own'd by a Person of his Note, and late Qualification) to be guilty of so many, and such very Material Mistakes.*

The Fore going Reflexions Answer'd.

True. Observe here, *First L'Estrange* expounds his *History* in the *Title Page*, by restraining it to the *Charge* and *Defence* of the *Persons there mentioned* : Beside that he calls it an *Historical Abstract*, and a *Summary*, in his *Epistle*.

2. *Staleys Trial* had no *Relation* at all to the *Plot*, and *Reading* was not *Try'd* for's *Life* ; and so not within the *Compass* of his intention exprest in the *Preface*.

3. The *Epistle* acknowledges a *Detestable Plot*, and a *Conspiracy* : but advises *Moderation*, and that the *Rabble* may not dictate *Laws to Authority* ; for that *Licence* was the *Cause* of the *Late Rebellion*.

4. It was more then a *Story*, the *Murder* of the *Late King*, and the *Subversion* of the *Government*, and the *suppressing* of these
Necessary

Necessary Hints, and Cautions is notoriously a part of the *Grand Phanatical Design*.

5. In *L'Estranges History*, here *Pag.* 79 and 80. there's every particular of Mr. *Bedloes Evidence* in *Sir George Wakemans Tryal*, *Pag.* 46. with many other passages over and above : whereas your *Damnable History* here *Pag.* 295. falls short at least by One Half. And then for the *shuffles*, and *Omissions* reflected upon, *Pag.* 77. see *L'Estranges Words*, *Pag.* 88. *The Lord Chief Justice* (says he) *after some Remarks upon the Romish Principles, summ'd up the Evidence, and gave Directions to the Jury* : which is the substance of the *Page* cited in the *Preface*. Touching your *Elsewhere*, it is in plain *English, No where*.

6. Look ye, here's more Juggling. He says SEVERAL *Gross Incoherences*, and you have made them MANY : and then you have left out the *Parenthesis*, (especially in the *Latter of them*) which varies the Case too. And I remember again, that the *Erratum* was supply'd after *L'Estrange* had corrected it : And sure it was a *Gross* one too, to expose a *Protestant Gentleman* for a *Papist*, *Nine times in two Pages*. I could shew ye several other *Material Mistakes*, but One shall serve for all. *Pag.* 45. (as I take it) of *Irelands Tryal* ; which you will finde charg'd upon the *Prefs*, in *L'Estranges History*, *Pag.* 18.

7. Pray'e mark me now : *L'Estrange* findes *Errours* of the *Prefs* in the *Other Tryals* and *Rectifies* them, in his *Own* : Now if *Posterity* shall finde in the *Right*, that the *Other* are *wrong*, they are in no danger of being *Misled* by the *One*, in what is *Corrected* by the *Other* : And if they do not read the *Right Copy* at all, there's no harm done to the *Other*, but they must take it as they finde it. So that this *Remark* is so far from *Disparaging* the *Proceedings*, that a greater *Right* can hardly be done to *Publick Justice* by a *Pamphlet*. But now let the *Epistle* speak for it self.

To the READER.

The Epistle
to L. Esdras
History of
the Plot.

THere has not been any point, perhaps, in the whole Tract of *English Story*, either so dangerous to be mistaken in, or so difficult, and yet so necessary to be understood, as the Mystery of this detestable Plot now in Agitation. (A Judgement for our Sins, augmented by our Follies,) But the world is so miserably divided betwixt some that will believe every thing, and others nothing, that not only Truth, but *Christianity* it self is almost lost between them; and no place left for Sobriety and Moderation. We are come to govern our selves by Dreams and Imaginations; We make every *Coffee-house* Tale an Article of our Faith; and from Incredible Fables we raise Invincible Arguments. A man must be fierce and violent to get the Reputation of being *Well-affected*; as if the calling of one another *Damned Heretique*, and *Popish Dog*, were the whole Sum of the Controversie. And what's all this, but the effect of a Popular Licence and Appeal? When every Mercenary Scribler shall take upon him to handle matters of Faith, and State; give Laws to Princes; and every Mechanick sit Judge upon the Government! Were not these the very Circumstances of the late *Times*? When the Religious Jugglers from all Quarters fell in with the Rabble; and managed them, as it were, by a certain sleight of hand: The *Rods* were turned into *Serpents* on both sides, and the Multitude not able to say, which was *Aaron*, and which the *Enchanter*. Let us have a Care of the same Incantation over again. Are we not under the protection of a Lawfull Authority? Nor was there ever any thing more narrowly Sifted, or more vigorously discouraged, then this *Conspiracy*. *Reformation* is the proper business of *Government* and *Council*; but when it comes to work once at the wrong End, there is nothing to be expected from it, but *Tumult* and *Corrulsion*. A Legal and Effectual provision against the Danger of *Romish Practices* and *Errours*, will never serve Their Turn, whose Quarrel is barely to the *Name* of *Papery*, without understanding the Thing it self. And if there were not a *Roman Catholick* left in the three Kingdoms, they would be never the better satisfied, for where they cannot find *Papery*, they will make it: nay and be troubled too that they

they could not find it. It is no new thing for a Popular Outcry, in the matter of *Religion*, to have a *State-Faction* in the belly of it. The first late Clamour was against *Downright Popery*; and then came on *Popishly Affected*; (*That sweeps all.*) The *Order of Bishops*, and the *Discipline of the Church* took their Turns next; and the next blow was at the *Crown* it self; when every Man was made a *Papist* that would not play the Knave and the Fool, for Company, with the Common People.

These things duly weighed, and considering the Ground of our present Distempers; the Compiler of this Abridgment reckoned that he could not do his Countrymen a better Office, than (by laying before them the naked state of things) to give them at one view, a Prospect, both of the subject matter of Apprehensions, and of the Vigilance, Zeal, and needfull severity of the Government on their behalf. To which end, he hath here drawn up an *Historical Abstract* of the whole matter of Fact concerning those Persons who have hitherto been Tried for their Lives, either upon the *Plot* it self, or in Relation to it: opposing Authentick Records to wandering Rumours; and delivering the *Truth* in all Simplicity. He hath not omitted any one material Point: There is not so much as one *Partial Stroke* in it; not a flourish, nor any thing but a bare and plain *Collection*, without any Tincture either of Credulity, or Passion. And it is brought into so narrow a Compass too, that it will ease the Readers head, as well as his purse; by clearing him of the puzzle of *Forms*, and *Interlocutories*, that serve only to amuse and mislead a man, by breaking the Order, and confounding the Relative parts of the *Proceeding*.

Having this in Contemplation; and being at the same time posselt of a most exact *Summary* of all passages here in Question; This Reporter was only to cast an Extract of these Notes into a Method: especially finding, that upon comparing the substance of his own papers, with the most warrantable Prints that have been published; his own *Abstract* proved to be not only every jot as Correct, but much more Intelligible, which being *short* and *full*; he thought might be useful, and find Credit in the world upon its own account, without need of a *Voucher*.

L'Estrange's
Narrative ju-
stify'd.

His Adversary
detected.

A Bold and
sence'esse
Libell.

L'Estrange
charg'd as a
Papist, by a
Certain Le-
cturer.

The Ground
of his Accusa-
tion.

True. You have now the whole matter before you ; the *Epistle*, ye see, justifies it self : And then for the *Narrative*, I dare undertake he shall yield up the Cause, if you can but produce any *One Material Point*, which he hath either *Falsify'd*, *Palliated*, or *Omitted*, in the whole *Proceeding*. But to be plain with you, *Citt*, One of the *Authours* of your *reface* is a *Common fetter*, a *Forger of Hands*, a little spy upon the *Swan in Fishstreet* ; a *Hackney Solicitor* against both *Church* and *State* : You know this to be true *Citt* ; and that I do not speak upon Guess ; so that *Culummy*, and *False Witnessing* is the best part of that *Authours Trade*. And then the pretended *History* is a direct *Arraignment* of the *Government*. He takes up the *King* and *Council*, *Pag. 381.* reflects upon the *Judges* in the very *Contents*, and elsewhere ; he descants upon the *Duke of York*, in opposition to the express sense and declaration of the *Bench*, *Pag. 145.* and has the confidence yet to Dedicate this *Gally-mawfry* of audacious *slanders* to the *Two Houses of Parliament*. There is little more in the whole, then what has been eaten and spew'd up again Thirty times over : and the intire work is only a *Medley of Rags*, and *Solacisms*, pick'd up out of *Rubbish*, and most suitably put together.

Citt. You may take his part as ye please, But there's a Famous *Lecturer* charg'd him Publicly for *Popery*, in his *Answer* to the *Appeal* ; and for falling upon *Dr. Lloyd*.

True. He did so ; but at the same time that *Lecturer* found no fault with the *Appeal* it self ; and the best on't is, his *Tongue's* no more a slander then his *Pen* : And whoever reads what he has written concerning the *Late King*, and the *Episcopal Church*, will think never the worse of *L'Estrange* for what he says. Now for the *Reverend Dean of Bangor*, I dare say he never *spake*, or thought of him, but with *Veneration*. Let me see the book.

Look ye here, 'tis *pag. 18.* in *L'Estrange's Impression*, and 'tis *pag. 15.* in this ; and here's the Point [*Their Loyalty and Good service paid to the King* (says the *Appeller* speaking of the *Papists*) *was meerly in their own Defence*] Now see *L'Estrange's Reply* upon it, *If it lies* (says he) *as a Reproach upon them that they did not serve the King out of Loyalty ; that which they did, was yet better then not serving him at all ; and better in a Higher degree still, then Fighting against him.* And a little after. *It is worth the Observation, that not a man drew his Sword in the opposite Cause, who was*

not a Known Separatist; and that on the Other side, not one Schismatick ever struck stroke in the Kings Quarrell.

And now for your Notes upon his Answer, they are so silly, that it were Ridiculous to Reply upon 'um [*who knows* (says he) *but the Regicides were Papists in disguise, pag. 19.*] And a deal of such senseless stuff; enough to turn a bodie's Stomach. And if you'd inform your self of his Malice; look ye here *pag. 4. p. 9. and p. 33.* how he Palliates, if not Justifies, the Late Rebellion, the Murder of the Arch-Bishop of St. Andrews, and the drawing of the Sword against the King.

Briefly, 'tis an *Inspid Bawling* piece of Foolery, from One end to the Other. And it is not but that I highly approve of your Zeal for the Discovery of the Plot, and Suppressing of Popery; but we are not yet to Trample upon *Laws*, and *Publique Orders*, for the attaining even of those Glorious ends.

But now I think on't; deal freely with me; did you really go to the *Registers* ye spake of, to furnish *Names* for your *Subscriptions*?

Cit. No; That was but a *Flourish*: but all the Rest we *Literally* did.

True. Are not you Conscious to your selves of your Iniquities? who made You a *Commissioner* for the Town, or You for the upon the Nation. A gross Cheat Country? But we are like to have a fine business of it, when the *Dreggs* of the People set up for the *Representatives* of the Nation; to the Dishonour of the most *Considerable*, and Sober part of the *Kingdome*. Pre'thee *Bumpkin*, with thy *Poles*, and *Baltriques*, how shouldst thou come to understand the *Ballance* of *Empires*? who are *Delinquents*, and who not? the *Right* of *Bishops Votes*? And You (forsooth) are to Teach the King when to call a *Parliament*, and when to let it alone. And are not you a fine Fool i'the mean time, to Drudg for the Faction that Sets ye on, to be afterwards made a slave for your pains?

And then for You, *Cit.*, with your *Mouldy Records*, your *Lewd Practices of the Faction*, *Co-ordinate Estates*, and your *Sovereign Power* of the People. Do not I know all your *Fallacies*, your *Shifts*, and *Hiding-holes*? There's not one step you set, but I can trace you in't: You have your *Spies* upon all *Libraries*, as well as *Conversations*; your *Agents* for the procuring of old *Manuscripts*, and *Records*, and for the *Falsifying* of *New ones*, to make them look like *Old Ones*. Nay, the *Papers* of *State* themselves had much ado to scape ye.

Those

Those that assert the *Just Rights* of the *Crown*, you either *Bury* or *Conceal*; only Publishing the *Presidents* of *Seditious Times*, in Vindication of such Principles.

Citt. I must confess I take the *Government* to be *Co-ordinate*, and the *King* One of the *Three Estates*, with submission to be better inform'd.

Against Co-ordination.

True. If it be so, how comes it that the *House of Commons* even in their most popular seasons, have still own'd the *Crown* of *England* to be *Imperial*? How comes it that all our *Laws* are call'd the *Kings Laws*: all our *Courts of Justice* his *Majesties Courts*, and all *Publick Causes* try'd in the *Kings Name*, and by the *Authority* of his *Majesty*?

Citt. But have not the *Two Houses* their share in the *Legislative Power*?

It is the sanction makes the Law, not the Consent.

True. You must distinguish betwixt the *Consent*, and the *Sanction*; the *Preparatory Part* is *Their's*, the *Stamp* is the *Kings*: The *Two Houses* Consent to a *Bill*; It is only a *Bill*, when it is presented, and it remains yet a *Bill*, even when the *King* has *Consented* to it; and in this *Common Consent*, in Order to a *Law*, the *Two Houses* may be said to *share* with his *Majesty*: But then the *Fiat*, that superinduces an *Authority*, and is *Only*, and *Properly* the *Act of Legislation*, is singly in the *King*. So that though they *share* in the *Consent*, they have no pretence at all to the *Sanction*; which is an *Act of Authority*; the other but of *Agreement*.

The Inconveniences of a Co-ordination supposed.

And yet again, admitting your *Co-ordination*; First, every *King* runs the hazard of his *Crown* upon every *Parliament* he calls: For *That Third Estate* lies at the *Mercy* of the *Other Two*: And further, 'tis a kind of Ringing the *Changes* with the *Government*, the *King* and *Lords* shall be *Uppermost One day*, the *King* and *Commons*, *Another*, and the *Lords* and *Commons*, the *Third*: For in this *Scale of Constitution* whatsoever the *One* will not, the *Other Two* may.

Citt. Well; but Ours is a *MIXT Government*, and we are a *Free People*.

Of a mixt Government and a Qualified.

Tru. If ours be a *Mixt Government*, so as to any *Popular Participation* of *Power* with the *King*; then it is not a *Monarchy*: (which is the *Government Only* of *One*) but if you'll call it a *Qualified Government*; so as to distinguish it from an *Absolute* and *Unlimited Government*, I'll agree with you. But let the *Government* be what it will, and where it will, let it do *Right* or *Wrong*, it is *Equally Unaccount-*

Unaccountable, for there lies no *Appeal*, but to a *Superiour*, and the *Supreme* has none but *God Himself*.

Citt. But if we be a *Free People*, have not *We* as much *Right* to *Our Liberties*, as the *King* has to *his Crown*?

True. Yes, we have, but the *King* has this *Advantage* of us, that *We* may *Forfeit* our *Liberties* but *He* cannot forget his *Crown*.

Citt. What if a *King* will *Transgress* all the *Laws* of *God* and *Man*? may not the *People* resume their *Trust*?

Tru. No, not unless you can produce an expresse *stipulation* Power is to That very purpose. But let me shew you, First, the *Errour* of from God not taking That to be a *Trust* from the *People*, which, in truth, is an from the People.
Ordinance of *Providence*, For *All Power* is from *God*: And Secondly, the *Absurdity* of the very *Supposition*, even in the Case of a *Trust* conferr'd by the *People*. If the *King* breaks his *Trust*, the *People* Resume it: but who are These *People*? If a *Representative*, they are but *Trustees Themselves*, and may incur a *Forfeiture* too, by the same Argument. Where are we next then? For if it devolves to the *Loose Multitude* of *Individuals*, (which you will have to be the *Fountain* of *Power*) you are Then in an *Anarchy*, without any *Government* at all; and There you must either Continue in a *Dissociated State*, or else agree upon *Uniting* into some *Form* of *Regiment*, or other: and whether it be *Monarchy*, *Aristocracy*, or *Democracy*; it comes all to a *Point*. If you make the *Government Accountable* upon every *Humour* of the *People*, it lapses again into a *Confusion*. To say nothing of the ridiculous phansy of a *Sovereignty* in the *People* upon This Sovereignty of the people most ridiculous. Account; that they can never be so brought together either to *Establish* or to *Dissolve* a *Government*, as to authorize it to be the *Peoples Act*. For there must be, First, an *Agreement* to *Meet* and *Consult*. Secondly, an *Agreement* upon the *Result* of That *Debate*; and any *One Dissenter* spoils all, where every *Individual* has an *Equall Right*: So that unless the *People* be all of the same minde, This *Supposition* will be found wholly *Impracticable* and *Idle*.

Citt. But is there no Fence then against *Tyranny*?

True. Only *Patience*, unless you run into *Anarchy*, and then into that which you call *Tyranny* again; and so tread Eternally that Circle of *Rigour* and *Confusion*. In fine, the Question is this, whether people had better run Certainly into *Confusion* to avoid a *Possible Tyranny*, or venture a *Possible Tyranny*, to avoid a *Certain Confusion*.

Citt.

Citt. But where we finde *Positive Laws* and *Provisions* to fail us, may we not in those Cases, betake our selves to the *Laws* of *Nature* and *Self-Preservation*?

Self-preservation is no Plea for the People.

True. No, ye may not; for many Reasons. First, it makes you *Judges*; not only when those *Laws* take place, but also *what they are*. Secondly, the *Government* is *Dissolv'd*, if Subjects may go off or on at pleasure. Thirdly, *Self-Preservation* is the Plea only of *Individuals*; and there can be no Colour for the exposing of the *Publick* in favour of *Particulars*. What would ye think of a *Common Seaman* that in a *Storm* should throw the *Steers-man* Overboard, and set himself at the *Helm*? Or of a *Souldier* that shou'd refuse a *Dangerous Post* for fear of being knock'd on the Head, when the *whole Army*, depends upon the Maintaining of *That Pass*.

Citt. Pray'e tell me what it is that you call *Government*, and how far it extends? for you were saying even now, that the *Reason* of all *Governments* is alike.

What Government is.

True. *Government* is the *Will*, and *Power* of a *Multitude*, *United* in some *One Person*, or *More*, for the *Good*, and *safety* of the *whole*. You must not take it that all *Governments* are alike; but the *Ratio* of all *Governments* is the same in some Cases. As in the Instance of *Self-Preservation*; which is only Pleadable by the *Supream Magistrate*, in Bar to all *General Exceptions*; for he is First, presumed in Reason, to be vested with all *Powers necessary* for the *Defence*, and *Protection* of the *Community*: without which his *Authority* is *Vain*. He is Secondly, *Oblig'd* in *Duty* to exert those *Powers* for the *Common Good*: and he is Thirdly, entrusted with the *Judgment* of all *Exigences* of *State*, be they *Greater* or *Lesser*; wherein the *Publick Good* may be concern'd. Now put the Case that a *Magistrate* should make a wrong *Judgment* of *Matters*, and misemploy those *Powers*; it were an *Infelicity* in the *Administration*; but the *Sacredness* of *Authority* is still the same: And he is a *Mad man*, that plucks down his *House*, because it rains in at the *Window*. And in case of the *Magistrate*, it is not so much *He*, as *They*; for the *King* is (as I said before) the *United Power* and *Will* of the *People*. And so Fare ye well.

Certain privileges essential to Government.

The End.



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